

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VI.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, OCTOBER 16, 1854.

NO. 19.

THE LILY,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT MOUNT VERNON, O.

Terms—Fifty Cents per annum in Advance, or Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

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Office—Over Sperry & Co.'s Store, Corner of Main & Gambier St.

For The Lily.

SMILE GENTLY.

BY MRS. R. M. SANFORD.

Smile gently on the stricken one,
Ye little deem that Sorrow's veil
Has hid from beauty's beaming eyes
The only light they feasted on.

Speak gently to the anguished heart,
For often on its altars lie
The withered buds that rever'll bloom
And fragrance never will impart.

Weep gently when the tale is told;
One tear is worth a thousand smiles,
A dewy gift of tenderness,
That all the sympathies unfold.

Press gently on the brow a kiss,
Urge back to sleep the gushing sigh,
And if thou'st ever won a prayer,
'Twill then ascend for this, for this.
Sept., 1854.

FAMILY vs. COMPANY; Or, Four Kinds of Cake.

"It is a'folly, wife," exclaimed Mr. Jotham Some, a matter-of-fact, plain-spoken sort of a man, to his better half. "There you have got no less than four kinds of cake, three kinds of pies, two kinds of preserves, to say nothing of the knick-knacks and the gim-cracks."

The fact was that Mrs. Some was having the minister, his wife and two grown-up daughters to take tea with her. She had been engaged for three days in the preparations, and such a display of nice things was calculated to astonish the minister and his family—to give them a two-fold surprise, first at the variety and extent of her culinary resources, and secondly at her folly in attempting to make a display above her means.

The Some's were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Some was a farmer, and probably his income might have amounted to four hundred dollars a year.

Mrs. Some was a prudent, careful housewife, who wasted no more of her culinary skill on her own family than was absolutely necessary. But she delighted in making a grand appearance when she had company. Mr. S. and the boys were sometimes so ill-natured as to growl at her careful catering when the house contained no company; and it cut them to the heart to see such extraordinary preparations for the neighbors. It was "kiss the cook" when they were alone, but the board groaned with plenty when there were guests present.

Mr. Jotham Some had just come from the sitting room, where the table, with its tempting array of viands, was spread. He did not like it a bit, and after passing the time of day with the parson and his family, he proceeded to the kitchen, where his wife was just taking the biscuit out of the oven.

"What do you mean by folly, I should like to know?" replied Mrs. Jotham Some, somewhat sharply.

She was a second wife, and having been redeemed from one of the advanced stages of maidenhood, her temper had become a little sour before she became a wife.

"The folly of setting such a table as you have," replied the husband. "I should think you were going to have the President, or the Royal family to take tea with you."

"I am going to have the Rev. Mr. Meeklie and his family, and I will take care of my business if you will of yours," replied the lady, slamming the oven door.

"Perhaps it is not my business."

"No, I am sure it is not,"

"Who pays for all them gew-gaws and gim-cracks?"

"You do, of course."

"But it is none of my business!"

"No! I never thought you were so confounded mean!" retorted the lady, her face reddening with anger.

"Mean! I'm not mean! But when you get victuals for your own family, you think almost anything is good enough for them. We never see any pies, and cakes and knick-knacks."

"Do you think I am going to make pies and cakes for the men folks to eat every day?" retorted the indignant housekeeper.

"Then don't do it for company. What is good enough for me is as good as I can afford to give my visitors."

"I really believe if you were to have your own way, you would have me as mean as the Smiths."

"The Smiths are as good folks and as liberal as any in town; and I'll warrant Parson Meeklie thinks a heap more of them than he does of you with all your four kinds of cake."

"You are a fool, Mr. Some!"

"I am fool enough to know that folks are not judged by the quantity of sweet cake they put upon the table when they have company. I repeat it; there are no better people in town than the Smiths."

"I s'pose not; but they had nothing but cold biscuit and molasses gingerbread when we took tea there."

"That's as good as they can afford; but it is no better than they have every day, and I admire their independence."

"They're contemptible mean folks, there!"

"Why? Because they do not attempt to make folks believe they live better than they do! For my part I don't think it is any better than hypocrisy to make such a parade of victuals as you do, especially when it is hard work for me and the boys to get a decent meal of victuals."

"Did any body ever hear the like?" groaned the lady, who had by this time arrived at the

pitch of excitement when tears are more effective than words.

"Perhaps they never did; but if ever I see anything of this sort again, they will be pretty likely to hear of it," replied Mr. Some, throwing off his blue frock, and commencing his preparations to take tea with the minister.

The plate of hot biscuit was placed in the midst of the profusion of fancy eatables with which the table was crowded. The minister and his family were duly seated, and the ceremony was proceeding decently and in order.

Mrs. Some had not wholly recovered from the excitement of the interview in the kitchen, and her hand trembled slightly as she handed Mrs. Meeklie her tea. Mr. Some had donned his best blue coat with brass buttons, which had done duty as a Sunday garment for fifteen years.

He seemed to be somewhat uneasy, and though he and the minister had always been on the best terms, his answers were too short and crusty for a courteous host.

"Won't you pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meeklie, husband?" said Mrs. Some, with her sweetest smile, albeit not very sweet at that.

Mr. Some did pass the biscuit to Mrs. M., and she took one; but when he passed them to Mr. Meeklie, he smilingly declined.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Some; I never eat hot bread. It does not agree with me," said he.

Mrs. Some passed the cold bread, thinking all the time how very uncivil it was in the parson to refuse the hot biscuit she had taken so much pains to prepare.

But Mr. Meeklie was very respectful to his stomach; for he found when insulted and imposed upon, that it was tyrannical and disagreeable; and he paid more deference to his digestive organs than he did to the feelings of his vain parishioners.

"My biscuits are not very nice; I did not have as good luck as I generally do," suggested Mrs. Some, as Mrs. Meeklie took a second cake.

"Better!" interposed Mr. Some.

The lady looked at him with very evident marks of displeasure.

"They are very nice," said the parson's wife.

"Take a little more of this quince preserve, Miss Meeklie. I dare say it is not so nice as your mother makes; but the truth is—"

"It has stood too long," interrupted Mr. S. "The jar has not been opened since you were here last fall."

Mrs. S. looked daggers; but the parson very considerably asking Mr. S. if he was done planting, just at that moment, her anger evaporated without any unpleasant effects.

"Husband, won't you pass the cake to Mr. Meeklie?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Some, I never eat cake unless it be something very simple, such as gingerbread or molasses cake."

What a calamity! Four kinds of cake and the parson wouldn't touch one of them.

"But you will take some of these jumbles; I made them on purpose for you."

"That's a fact, Mr. Meeklie," added Mr. S., maliciously.

He would further have added that his wife never made pies and cakes for her own family, but he was afraid of frightening the parson.

"You must excuse me; I doubt not they are very nice, but I have to be careful."

Mrs. Meeklie and her two grown-up daughters were more courteous, and each nibbled a small bit of the rich pound-cake; but they seemed to do it against their better judgment.

The truth was, they felt embarrassed by the extraordinary display Mrs. Somes had made. They did not feel at home. The whole affair was too set and artificial to be enjoyed, and at an early hour the whole party withdrew, mentally determined to make it a long time before they took tea with Mrs. Somes again.

"Wife, where is the piece of meat I sent home for dinner?" asked Farmer Somes as he and the boys came in for their noonday meal, on the day following the tea-party.

The farmer glanced inquiringly at the table which was spread before him. Involuntarily his nasal organ contracted longitudinally; it would not be polite to say "he turned up his nose," though such was the fact beyond the possibility of denial.

Farmer Somes was not in any sense an epicure. He liked a plain, substantial diet, that "which was good, and enough of it," as he forcibly expressed his ideas of table economy.

Lest the reader should suppose he was one of those grumpy, ill-natured "feeders" who would grumble at the ambrosia and nectar of the gods, we deem it necessary to particularize the articles on the board of the lady who had placed four kinds of cake before company.

Certainly there was variety enough to satisfy the most fickle taste. On a broken platter—the best dishes were religiously reserved to the use of company—was the half of one sausage and two-thirds of another, making one sausage and one-sixth, all told. They were in suspicious looking fat, and altogether, the aspect of the dish was singularly forbidding.

On a white plate with a long black fracture extending quite across it, lay in an aggregated mass, three dozen baked beans, and an infinitesimal fragment of pork rind. This was an antiquity. Farmer Somes and the boys had a very distinct remembrance of having seen this dish on the table every day during the previous fortnight; proving that Mrs. Somes was not only the most economical, but one of the most obstinate dames in the world. The farmer and his boys had virtually said they would not eat these beans; and Mrs. Somes had virtually said they should.

On a worn out blue plate, superannuated, and "nicked" in a thousand places, were four pork bones, looking as though they had been picked by that army of mice which Whittington's cat destroyed. These bones had seen service for the last twelve days. The joint of which they were the disintegrated members had graced the table just one fortnight before.

There were sundry articles, antique old-fashioned "tit bits," which might have been set before Noah and his friends in the ark. Six long red potatoes, unpeeled, even unsprouted, completed the array of edibles, ornamental and substantial.

The farmer's nose contracted, as before related.

"Where is the meat I sent home?"

"Hanging in the well."

"Hadn't we better eat it?"

"I want it for company next Sunday."

"The——ahem! Company again?"

"I expect my brother will dine with us then, and I want something fit to set before him."

Mr. Somes looked sulky.

"And you mean to starve me and the boys in the mean time?"

"I should like to know if there is not enough for you?" said the dame, pointing to the table.

Farmer Somes turned up his nose.

"Did I ever refuse to buy victuals when you wanted them?" he said rather sternly.

"Not that I know of; but I didn't suppose you wanted to buy fresh meat every day," returned the wife sourly, "I am sure I try to be as economical as I can."

"Four kinds of cake, which nobody would touch, I suppose is prudent, ain't it?"

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Somes. I am glad to see you at home," said Mr. Meeklie, walking into the room unannounced.

Good gracious! the minister, and with such a table spread for the family! What a commentary on four kinds of cake for company.

Mrs. Somes was all confusion. Though the parson intended to look at the farmer, she could see that more than once his eyes wandered over the table.

"Glad to see you, parson; sit down and take some dinner with us," said Mr. Somes, taking the minister by the hand.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," replied Mr. Meeklie. "I have a long walk to take before I return home."

Farmer Somes was pointing to a chair, when the lady interposed.

"We have got a picked up dinner to-day. Husband sent home a joint of veal, but it did not get here until after eleven, so I had no time to cook it."

"Got here by eight o'clock," said Farmer Somes; "no fibs to the parson."

"But if you will wait only a few moments I will fry some of the veal."

"Sit down, parson; it's every day fare, but what is good enough for me is good enough for my guests."

"Right, Mr. Somes," replied the minister, drawing up his chair. "My business relates to the new bell for the meeting house. I am carrying round a subscription paper."

"I am with you, parson."

Farmer Somes was in a most malicious good humor, and with a broad grin on his honest phiz, he opened the paper the minister gave him.

"Ah! Smith heads the paper with twenty dollars," said Mr. Somes.

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Somes, "I should not think they could afford it."

"He gives his friends nothing but gingerbread," said the farmer. "Put me down thirty; we have four kinds of cake."

The parson consumed one 'long red,' and one of the vulgar fractions of cold sausage. He preferred brown bread to white, and would not touch any of the pies which the prudent housekeeper set before him.

Mrs. Somes was awfully mortified. Her reputation was sacrificed, and Farmer Somes never had occasion to find fault with her for making a vain show of three kind of pies, two kinds of preserves, and four kinds of cake.

TRUTH THE SOVEREIGN GOOD.—Middleton beautifully says: "I persuade myself that the life and faculties of man, at best but short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally or laudibly than in the search of knowledge; especially of that sort which relates to our duty and conduces to our happiness. In these inquiries, therefore, wherever I perceive any glimmerings of truth before me, I readily pursue, and trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far, or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of any thing which is true as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current."

The concourse of pious pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut was so great this year that a local famine ensued, and hundreds of Hindoos were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

—Counterfeit five dollar notes of the Mousam River Bank, Sanford, Me., altered from some broken bank, are in circulation. The counterfeits are spelt *Monsam*.

For the Lily.

An Essay read at a meeting of the "Literary Pic Nic," a Society for mutual improvement connected with Dr. Shew's Water Cure Home, Oyster Bay, Long Island. By HELEN HAZLEWOOD.

WOMAN.

Too long has woman been crushed by man. Too long has man legislated for her, and legislated as he pleased. Too long have the boys sent the girls into the house, because they can play better without them; and the boys of a larger growth continued the same prank. Men hate the restraint of woman's presence, when they wish to do wrong, or to be rough and rowdyish. Cultivated, noble, generous men love the society of woman. A reform is needed. It is time woman was roused to call conventions and talk of her rights. Men had forgotten that women had any rights, and some men don't like to be reminded of it. Oh! when will the day come, when with equal advantages with man, woman may have a fair start in the race of life?

I think New York, of all others, ought to be the place from whence this doctrine of social and political equality should emanate. In New England, the difference in *physical strength* is the great argument for woman's inferiority; but in New York I have seen women performing all sorts of menial offices—even to carrying groceries from the markets, and trunks from the steamboats. I once saw a woman carrying mortar for bricklayers; and very frequently are women seen sweeping the street crossings in muddy weather.

I do not wish to wage war against these customs, strange as they appear to a New Englander. If woman chooses to do man's work, I will not complain; only having proved herself able to compete with man in the drudgery of *manual labor*, let her stand on equal ground in *mental and intellectual* employments, and in all kinds of business that are respected in the world. I don't ask for woman the patronage of man; I only ask that man *let her do*. I don't ask man to *help* her in the struggle to be equal to himself; but only to cease to *hinder* her. Take off her fetters—the shackles which society and custom impose—remove the stumbling blocks, and let her push her own way. Let her rise to eminence in any profession or trade, for which she has talent or inclination, and then allow her the honors due to talent and merit. Let her dress suitable to her work, and to her taste, if she has sense enough to do so, and don't hoot at her because her dress don't suit *you*. I would like to do man's work, if I could wear a man's *working dress*, or be respected as a working man is.

A man who has no regular profession or employment is ashamed to have it known; but a woman is ashamed if she has one.

It is fashionable and respectable for a woman to be idle—to live upon the earnings of her father, brothers, or husband; to trifle away her time in light and elegant accomplishments, and to spend the money her legal protectors *earn*. But unfortunately there are some women who have no legal protectors, and consequently they must resort to some useful occupation to procure a subsistence—and be thereby deemed unfit for *genteel* society, though as well educated, and as talented as their schoolmates who have been so fortunate as to become "settled in life."

It is a well known fact, that in all our cities, towns, and villages, the number of women is greater than that of men; therefore many are of necessity compelled to remain unmarried. What shall they do?

An eloquent writer has said, "In the present state of society there is nothing left for a refined and educated woman to do, but to resort to that miserably underpaid employment, teaching school, and even that, man is beginning to encroach upon. Yes, I have known instances where women have offered to do double work for half pay, and cannot obtain even that, because it "sounds more respectable to have a man's school." If she resort to the occupation of nurse, or seamstress, the only other employments by common consent allotted to woman, the case is even worse.

I ask, then, of men, "the lords of creation," that they will let women compete with them in all

kinds of business, on equal terms; let her have equal pay for equal labor. Let all the avenues to wealth and distinction be open to her equally with them. Let her be a carpenter, a mason, an architect, an artisan, a clerk, a book-keeper, a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher—*anything she chooses*. Remove the slur that has for generations rested on "literary ladies;" let her use the *pen* as freely as the *needle*, if she have time and inclination for it. Cease to apply the scornful and contemptuous appellation of "*old maid*" to the pure hearted and noble minded woman who has refused to "marry for a home," to prostitute herself by giving her hand where her heart went not with it.

Away with the flummery of the day which teaches that the "chief end of man" is to attain a seat in Congress, or rise to be President of these United States; and the highest aim of woman is to make puddings, darn stockings, sew the buttons on her husband's shirts, dress herself tastefully, and receive company gracefully! All these things are good in their places; (and the aim of many women is not so high as that) if our duty requires us to do them, they ought to be done *well*; but they do not constitute the whole object of life.

The highest duty, and the true aim of man, and woman too, is to obey God and love their fellow men; to act well their part in life whatever it may be; to relieve suffering everywhere; to advocate goodness and truth; in short, to be good—and to do good. Those who live with a true aim will do *present* duty well, and just as well as those who do not know what they do live for.

But granting that in society as at present constituted, there is a difference in the sphere of man and woman, what is that difference? In my view, woman falls far short of her true position, either as the drudge of savage countries, or the doll baby of modern civilization. In labor, man is fitted to perform the severer toils, in the field and in the street; woman the lighter labors in the house, and in the shop, behind the merchant's counter, or in the lawyer's office; and both ought to share alike mental improvement and recreation, and the education of their children. In public life, man seems more suited to the strife and turmoil of debate; woman to reconcile the contending parties, or teach them how to come together in love, without compromising principle, or sacrificing truth. In this day of reforms, while man pulls down and destroys all existing institutions, woman's mission is to build them up on a new basis—a sure foundation of truth and love. While man turns the world upside down, woman's part is to re-arrange it in symmetrical and harmonious order. While man builds ships and houses, and engages in all works of strength and durability, woman's work is to strew flowers in his pathway; to beautify and make home attractive; to elevate his views, and refine his manners.

God created woman to be the help-meet of man; not to assume superiority over him, nor to be trampled under his feet; but to stand by his side, to counsel him when in doubt; to cheer him when sad; to encourage him when desponding; and to gently lead him back to virtue and peace, when wandering in the paths of sin.

Woman is equally out of her proper sphere as the slave of man, or as his pet and plaything. Woman, equally with man, has a part to act in life, as a human being; but woman's mission, as *woman*, and varying from that of man, is to *stand by man*: to sustain him in the hour of trial and suffering, by her never failing fortitude and patience; to be his friend and counsellor; his assistant and comforter; to stand by him in sickness and in health, in adversity and prosperity; to soothe and aid, and bless; to love and persuade, rather than command; to entreat, rather than demand; in short, to be the *presiding genius* of good in his home, and in his heart, in the church, and in the world; and to be honored, valued, and esteemed as such by him.

I would say then to all who advocate the elevation of women, go on, noble sisters, and brothers too; go on in your work of reform. There will be little need of legislation, little need of men or women either going to Congress, or to the polls, when all live right. God speed the truth and the right, and hasten on the day "when the might with the right and the truth shall be."

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

This lady, whose remarkable talent for travel has made not only her name but her face familiar in every part of the globe, paid a visit to the *Tribune* Office on Thursday, having understood that it is the most complete newspaper establishment in the country, and spent some time in inspecting its various departments. Madame Pfeiffer is about fifty years of age, rather under the medium size, and of that apparently slight build which is usually combined with great powers of endurance. Her face is mild and benevolent in its expression, yet her keen, bright black eye conveys the impression of a remarkably energetic and enthusiastic nature. Two years spent under an East Indian sun have given her almost a Creole complexion. She is quiet, genial and unassuming in her manners, and seems admirably fitted by nature to encounter all climates and make her way among all races of mankind.

This is Madame Pfeiffer's fourth great journey. She first visited Turkey, Palestine and Egypt, and then, after an interval of repose, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. Mr. Bartlett, the English artist, who was her fellow-traveller in Palestine, informed us that he had never met with any one who bore the annoyances of travel with so much patience, or was sustained by so much quiet energy and self-confidence. In June, 1846, she sailed for Brazil, visited the Indian tribes of the interior, and resided some time in Rio Janeiro; she then doubled Cape Horn, explored Chili, and sailed for the Society Islands. Thence she went to Canton, Singapore, Ceylon and Calcutta; traversed the vast interior of India; sailed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, and ascended the Tigris to Bagdad and the ruins of Nineveh; crossed over into Persia, visited the Caucasus and south-Russia, and finally returned to Vienna by way of Constantinople and Athens, after an absence of three years. We have seen it stated that she accomplished this remarkable tour at an expense of less than \$1,000.

Her published accounts of her travels now began to attract attention, and helped to furnish her the means to undertake new journeys. Early in 1851, she received a grant of \$500 from the Austrian Government, and in May of that year sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope. It had been her intention to undertake an exploration of the interior of South Africa, but she was obliged to relinquish it on account of the expense. She then sailed for the East Indies, and after touching at Singapore, proceeded to Borneo. Not content with visiting the Dutch settlements on the southern part of the island, and the dominions of Rajah Brooke, at Sarawak, she penetrated into the interior, among the Dyak tribes, where no white person had ever been before. After spending several months in Borneo, she visited Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. In Sumatra, she spent some time in the kingdoms of the native Malay princes, in the northern part of the island. She speaks of this part of her trip as having been of unusual interest. She desired extending her trip to Japan, in the Dutch vessel which left Batavia during her residence there, but was prevented by the fact that no women are allowed to accompany the Dutch to Nagasaki, or to land there.

After a year and a half in the East Indies, Madame Pfeiffer went to Australia, and after a short sojourn, sailed to California. She visited the most interesting parts of that State and Oregon, and then took passage for Lima, from which place she made a trip to the head-waters of the Amazon. Thence, through Ecuador, by way of Quito and Bogota, she traveled northward to Panama, and took passage from Aspinwall to New Orleans. Since her landing in this country in July, she has ascended the Mississippi to St. Pauls, sailed on all our great lakes, and visited Canada and Montreal. Now, after an absence of three years and a half, her long and eventful journey is drawing to a close, but we should not like to promise that after this she will be contented to sit still within the walls of her native Vienna. Certainly no woman has ever shown a greater amount of courage and endurance, and she seems to have a good stock yet on hand, for future undertakings.

Madame Pfeiffer is undoubtedly the greatest traveler of whom we have any record. —*Tribune*.

A Modern Heroine.

The brilliant lady who writes to the *Tribune* from Paris over the signature of "*Au Revoir*," expresses very naturally the force of habit in a kiss, by describing an embrace she received from a woman in masculine attire, the famous Madame Brulon, of the Hotel des Invalides. She says, "I feel a blush creeping to my cheeks as she kisses me and holds me in her cordial embrace, so much are we in the habit of believing that *man* walks in coat and pantaloons. If there is 'safety in numbers,' however, (as we are assured of there being, in kiss-dom) the lady is safe enough;" for in the same letter she says, "The Hotel des Invalides embraces what would compose quite an American village." But this Madame Brulon is indeed a celebrity. Of such a heroine on pension it is well to repeat the history:

"Madame Brulon, though eighty-three years of age, retains all the vivacity of youthful expression, and assured us that she felt no faculty missing but that to guide well her feet, the right leg having become more refractory than the wounded one.

"She wears the uniform of the Invalides, and since her first adoption of military dress, has never left it but once, and that for a moment's amusement to her grandchildren, when she assumed female attire. But the children, instead of being amused, burst into tears, and begged their grand-pa-ma to go back again to her soldier's clothes.

"During the reign of the first Napoleon she was recommended by the Governor of the Invalides as 'one having rendered herself worthy, by qualities considered above her sex, to participate in the recompense created for the brave.' But the honor of decorating this remarkable woman was reserved for Napoleon, President of the Republic. Madame Brulon lives now not only the unique military female Invalid, but the unique female member of the Society of the French Legion of Honor. Her nomination was announced in the *Moniteur* of the 19th August, 1851, at the head of a long list of others, without any allusion to her sex, thus:

"Cavalier—Brulon—(Angelique Marie Joseph)—Second Lieutenant—seven year's service—seven campaigns—three wounds—several times distinguished, particularly in Corsica in defending a fort against the English. Fifth Prairial—year second, (1794.)"

"At the age of seventeen she was a wife, at eighteen a mother, at twenty a widow. Her husband fell at Ajaccio, in Corsica. 'Three days after I learned his fate,' says Madame Brulon, 'I took the uniform of his regiment, and demanded permission to avenge his death. Two brothers had fallen in active service; our father had died on the field of battle—my heart, head and hand burned to send destruction to the English and the rebel Corsicans, and my testimonials tell how well I fulfilled my vows.'

"Her hair, once raven, is now white as snow, except some late new comers which have assumed their youthful hue. Her voice has the tone and vigor of a commander's. Her eye is like the eagle's. Her hand is feminine, which she gestures with masculine energy. Her attitudes, salutations, styles of expression, all combine to make you believe she is really what she seems. Her testimonials prove her to have been always a woman of the severest principles, the purest manners, the most unsullied reputation. Her reply to trifling familiarity was, 'I am a woman, but I command men.'

"She was adored as the divinity of her regiment, and cherished as the palladium of its safety. Her virtues and her valor stand undimmed beside those of the Maid of Orleans."

THE LADIES AND GOV. SEYMOUR.—The ladies of Rochester, including the wives of fourteen clergymen, twenty physicians and some 150 citizens, have addressed a scorching letter to Gov. Seymour on the subject of his veto of the Maine Law. The Governor is handled—as he deserves to be.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, OCTOBER 16, 1854

The Indiana Woman's Rights Association.

The Annual assembling of the Indiana Woman's Rights Association will be at Indianapolis, on the 26th and 27th of October inst.

With business of the Society—reports on Woman's labor and remuneration, her Legal condition—her Social position and her Education, will be the consideration and discussion of Woman's equal right to all the advantages of Education in its widest signification—to full equality in Industrial Pursuits—and the entire possession of those *indefeasible* rights which pertain to her as a member of civil society.

As the object of this movement is to promote justice, harmony and fellowship, thus doubling the ties and honors of home, and purifying society in every branch, all who have a love for their race and a serious desire for its progress, are cordially invited to attend and take part in the deliberations.

ELDA A. SMITH, President.

MARY B. BIRDSALL, Sec.

NEW YORK.

There is to be a great battle fought in New York this fall between the friends and opponents of the Maine Law. That will be the great controlling question in voting for Governor and members of the Legislature. Gov. Seymour, who last spring vetoed the law which had been passed by the Legislature, has been nominated for re-election to the office he now fills, and it is expected that the entire Anti-Maine Law force will be exerted to the utmost to secure his election. He is the candidate of the regular, or administration wing of the Democratic party, and it is expected that he will secure a large vote; and some of his friends express much confidence in his success, notwithstanding that Judge Bronson is also running for Governor as the candidate of one section of the same party. Seymour's friends calculate on his receiving more than sufficient Rum Whig votes to make up for those he loses by the Bronson ticket.

Seymour's principal competitor, however, will be MYRON H. CLARK, of Canandaigua, who was nominated by the Whig Convention on the 20th ult; and also by the Temperance Convention held at Auburn on the 27th, and by the Anti-Nebraska Convention held at the same place and about the same time. Mr. Clark is an "out and out" Maine Law man. He is now State Senator, and was foremost last winter in the advocacy of the law vetoed by Gov. Seymour; he also made the best speech that was made in its favor in the Legislature. He is a true and unflinching friend of the cause, and the friends of temperance throughout the State should rally to his support with a zeal and enthusiasm which will not admit of defeat. He was nominated by all of the three Conventions on account of his known opinions on this the greatest question of the day; and the friends of the Maine Law should now, as we are sure they will, cast party shackles to the winds and thus secure the triumph of their cherished principles. We know there are many democrats who cannot be induced to vote for Seymour—borne down as he is with the odium of his veto message, and we trust there are more of that party who will refuse to support him than there are Rum Whigs who will vote for him.

Maine Law men of New York! the eyes of the whole Union are upon you. Let not your noble banner be trailed in the dust in this contest. Your enemy is watchful and will spare neither pains or

money to ensure your defeat. Already we have heard of one individual pledging *twenty thousand dollars* to defeat Mr. Clark. Look well to it that no part of this money buys your vote or that of your neighbor. Look well to it that you do not sacrifice principle, and place an enemy in power merely to gratify your love of party. Sad indeed would it be for us to feel that even one of our many readers in that State should do so bad a thing as to vote for Gov. Seymour.

We are sure that the women of New York will not be found wanting in this contest. At least a dozen women are canvassing the State, and publicly urging men to do their duty in this cause; and thousands in a more private way are doing the same thing.

With so strong a force on the side of right we see not how New York can fail of having a Maine Law the coming winter.

THE WOMEN.—We are, in the main, old foggyish on the subject of Women's Rights, as our readers very well know. But we are free to say, that if it rested with us to open the ballot-box to the women of this State at the next election, every one of them should have an opportunity to put in a ballot. We should like to have their opinion of Governor Seymour's veto through this channel. And we will add, that if there is any class having a deeper interest at stake in the question of prohibition than women, we should like to hear who they are—*Organ*.

Aye, aye! always ready to give the women "an opportunity" when your own purposes can be promoted thereby. We dare say Governor Seymour and his party would gladly give the women "an opportunity to put in a ballot," if it rested with them to open the ballot-box at the next election, were they sure that the votes of the women would go for their party.

Will the "old foggyish" editor of the *Organ* please tell us why it would be proper and delicate for woman to mix with "the rabble at the polls" on the exciting occasion of the next election, and improper and indelicate for her to go there at another election? True, the question to be settled at this time is one of great interest to her; but so are other questions which are constantly coming up before the people; and if it be right and proper for her to have a voice in the one, then it is also right and proper for her to have a voice in the others.

If it is wrong and unlady-like for women to vote, Mr. *Organ*, then you do wrong by even wishing for their presence on any occasion at such a place of corruption and impurity as the ballot-box; but if you admit their right to vote at the next election, and fear not the contaminating influence of the polls, then you admit their right to vote at any future election, and virtually say that they may do so without endangering their moral purity. What is right and proper this year could not be wrong the next; and as it is always just as important as now to have good rulers, good law-makers and good laws; so woman's vote would always be just as necessary as now—and just as necessary for the peace and good order of community that she should have a voice in the election of town and county, as of State officers.

We have long known the editor of the *Organ* as an old foggy and an opponent of woman's taking a public part in the temperance reform; and this wish of his to see the women at the polls is but another evidence of the progress of woman's cause. Such a wish from such a source, even though it extend no further than voting on the

temperance question, is an encouraging sign of the times, and shows that men are beginning to acknowledge that women may exert a moral influence at the ballot-box as well as elsewhere.

Though the ballot-box cannot be opened to women so soon as the next election, yet we hope the editor of the *Organ* may be gratified by seeing a large turn out of women at the polls on election day. Though they cannot have the opportunity of putting in a ballot themselves, they can have the privilege of "peddling" Clark and Raymond tickets, and insisting upon their being deposited in the ballot-box by those claiming to represent them. We know the New York women have a hearty desire to do this, but they have been so long kept under restraint by just such old fogies as the *Organ* man, that we doubt whether they have the courage for so noble a work. But we shall see.

VISITING MEMBERSHIPS.—A friend in Salem Cross Roads writes to the G. S. that "last Saturday evening, we admitted about 25 or 30 females, to our Division—mostly young ladies." 25 or 30 decoyed into the Division in one town! Shadow of Mrs. Bloomer, where are they going to?—*Tec-totaller*.

They are going just where we said all women would go who applied for admission as "Visiting Members"—into the Division room, where they will be "welcomed to all the secrets of the Order" on condition that they sit with closed lips through a long evening and listen to the speechifying and wrangling of men. They are going where women have gone for ages, into meetings where they are only lookers-on, not actors—where they are not thought worthy of taking a part in the deliberations, or capable of judging of the fitness of members for office. They are going to see what is done by the Sons—not to do any part of the work themselves.

Those who hold their time and talents in so light estimation may be content to sit silent and inactive under the rule of the National Division; but we value our time too highly to squander it thus; and have too great an appreciation of our ability to serve a good cause, to be willing to be thus set aside by any man or set of men. Mr. Bayley may "decoy" some women into his net, but we know of at least one whom he will not catch with the bait thrown out by himself and other "old fogies."

A WOMAN has been elected constable in Perry county, Illinois.—*Ex.*

We see the above going the rounds of the press. Whether true or not we are unable to say. Of course if the woman has really been elected, she will be in the same predicament as the lady who was elected Supervisor—the constitution will not permit her to serve—unless the constitution of Illinois is different from that of other States.

Amend your Constitutions first, gentlemen, and then the women will be happy to serve you in any post of honor to which you may please to elect or appoint them.

25 We have been notified of several instances recently where subscribers have failed to receive The Lily. We shall in all cases supply missing numbers when in our power to do so; and where they are not sent it must be taken for granted that we have not the numbers desired. Our paper is promptly mailed to all subscribers, and if not received it is the fault of the P. O. department.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Mr. SLOAN, of this city, has recently opened a Seminary or Academy for the education of girls. His buildings, which he has constructed specially for this purpose, are pleasantly situated, and are large and commodious. Mr. S. enjoys an enviable reputation as a teacher, and as Mount Vernon is justly noted for its beauty and healthfulness, there is every reason to suppose that he will gather together a large number of students, and reap the just reward of his enterprise.

And yet we cannot forbear to express the hope that the day will soon come when Female Seminaries, Female Academies, and Female Boarding-schools will be unknown. We believe the day of their usefulness has passed, and that the longer they continue in existence the worse it will be for woman. Not that we are opposed to the fullest and most enlarged opportunities for the education of woman—for we believe she should enjoy these to a greater extent than ever heretofore—but because we think that boys and girls, young men and young women, should be educated together. In early childhood they mingle together in their plays and sports, their joys and sorrows; in their youth they are allowed to associate together in the pleasures and follies of society; and in later years they tread the journey of life together. So should they mingle in those years which are devoted to the attainment of knowledge. They should attend the same schools, pursue the same studies, sit on the same recitation benches, listen to instruction from the same teachers, and emulate each other in the extent of their attainments. Woman should enjoy the same educational advantages as man—not in the primary school only, but in the Academy, the College and the Lecture room. Both reason and propriety dictate this rule, and its general adoption would prove of inestimable value to both sexes, and tend more to the elevation of woman than any other single reform.

We have institutions of learning springing up in various parts of the country which recognize this truth. At Genesee College N. Y. young women are admitted to the same educational advantages as young men. This is also true of the Central College at McGrawville, in the same State. The Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y., the most numerously attended of any in the State, opens its doors to the admission of youths of both sexes, and it is admitted on all hands to have long been the most successful educational establishment in the country.

In this State, Oberlin has for years made no distinction in the education of youth, and the popularity and high position it has attained sufficiently attests the opinion entertained of it by the people.

More recently, Antioch College has adopted the same wise and equitable rule, and under the Presidency of Horace Mann, we may reasonably expect that from its walls will go forth men and women thoroughly and equally educated for all the responsibilities and duties of life.

We rejoice in these cheering signs of progress. We have always considered the idea that girls and boys must be separated during their school hours, as one of the chief impediments in the way of woman's elevation. These impediments will ere long be entirely removed. Where one "Seminary for young ladies" is established, there will be half a dozen Academies and Colleges opened for their admission along with the other sex.

Thus step by step the prejudices of the past will be dispelled, and the way prepared for the complete acknowledgment of woman's claims to an equal participation in whatever tends to elevate and refine humanity.

A FEMALE STEAMBOAT CLERK.—The St. Louis *Republican* says that there is a lady employed as clerk on the steamer Belle of Illinois. The bills of lading are all signed 'Mary J. Patterson, Clerk.'

This is progress indeed! Many, no doubt, will think Mary sadly out of her sphere; but we see no reason why a woman may not be clerk or captain on a steamboat, or conductor on a railroad car as well as anything else. Surely the duties of either berth are lighter and pleasanter than much of the labor woman has now to perform—better adapted to her physical strength than is the toil at the wash tub, and requiring no mental labor beyond her intellectual capacity. We rejoice to see those women who have no protectors to provide for their wants, and no other duties to prevent, thus overstepping the bounds prescribed by custom and a false public sentiment, and carving out for themselves new and lucrative fields for the exercise of their industry. Not only woman, but society at large will be the gainers by such a movement.

As for the morality or modesty of the thing, a true woman may go anywhere, or fill any post of honor or profit without danger to her morals or loss of true modesty. We are no believer in the notion advanced by some, that if woman engages in public duties, or in those branches of business hitherto monopolized by man, that she is to be insulted or disrespectfully treated by men. We know better. Experience has taught us better. Their own self-respect, and their instinctive regard for woman will ever prevent anything approaching to rudeness or incivility in their conduct towards her. Let her be true to herself, and men will treat her with respect, whether or not they fully approve of the step she has taken. Business intercourse between men and women is no more likely to make the one rude and disrespectful, and the other coarse and immodest, than is the social intercourse of the parlor, the church, or the lecture room. Were it so, why do we not see it now between the merchant and tradesman and the lady customers with whom they do business? Women now have to do business with men to a greater or less extent in various departments; and were they the sellers instead of the buyers, it could not change the whole manner of the sexes towards each other, from that of kindness and respect to that of disrespect, coarseness and incivility.

The false notion so long entertained in regard to woman's sphere is fast giving place to a more liberal and enlightened public sentiment, and very soon it will be regarded as no novel or improper thing to see women engaged in any or all of the various trades and business avocations necessary to every community.

At a temperance meeting held recently in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., it was resolved to supply every family in the County with a copy of the Legislative Review of Governor Seymour's Veto Message, and also with the Series of 12 tracts, recently issued by the State Society. A committee was appointed to carry out the resolve. This will be a good work, and it would be well if every county in the State would follow the example of Onondaga.

THE ELECTION.—The election in this State has resulted in the complete triumph of the Fusion, or Anti-Nedbraska ticket. The majority is now supposed to be from 75,000 to 100,000. It is believed that the Democrats have not a single member of Congress in the State. Of course the fortunate party are in ecstasies over their success—while the defeated ones wear long faces and say hard things about the frauds of the Whigs and the rascality of the Know Nothings. Poor fellows, they have learned by this time that *they* were the Know Nothings, or they would have known better than to support a wicked and unpopular cause.

The time has passed when the people can be led blindfold into the support of party, without regard to principles; and those who shall hereafter seek to elevate men to office who are not right on the great moral questions of the day will prove themselves Know Nothings indeed, and as in this instance, be doomed to a terrible defeat.

We believe the Right is with the victors in this State, and therefore we rejoice most heartily in the result of the election; and we hope it will be followed next year by as triumphant a result in favor of the Maine Law.

LADIES VS. LIQUOR.—On Saturday the 16th ult., the ladies of Bowling Green, Ind., held a meeting and resolved that they would stop the sale of intoxicating drinks in that place. In accordance with such resolution they visited every shop where liquor was kept and exacted a promise from each dealer that he would abandon the traffic within a given length of time.

We have no faith in a rumseller's promise; unless they have strong assurance that the ladies will resort to other measures—that they will enact and enforce a Maine Law—these Bowling Green rumsellers will pay no regard whatever to their promise, but will continue to deal out the poison in defiance of public sentiment and the resolutions of the women. It is to be hoped that the women will keep an eye on them, and carry out their resolutions to the letter. They have the power to purge the community of such establishments, and to dry up the flood of intemperance, if they will but exercise it.

We would call the attention of the ladies of Richmond Ind. and vicinity, to the card of Mrs. Hopperton, which appears in this paper. We had the pleasure of visiting the store of Mrs. H., when in Richmond two weeks ago, and of making the lady's acquaintance. We found the store well stocked with a great variety of millinery and fancy goods, and its owner a very intelligent and agreeable woman. She is recently from New York, and designs making her home in the West. We hope she will be well patronized, and we are sure that in matters of taste she cannot be excelled.

On our return trip from Indiana recently we stopped over night at the Neil House, Columbus, where we were happy to meet, as its proprietor, W. Failing Esq., formerly of the Canandaigua Hotel, N. Y. The house has been repaired and fitted up in fine style since it passed into the hands of Mr. Failing, and we believe is considered the best house in Columbus. The traveler will ever find a comfortable home at the Neil House, and an obliging and attentive host in its gentlemanly proprietor.

HORRIBLE!—Mrs. FITZGERALD, an industrious reputable widow, in New York, who earned a precarious living by folding Books, when she could obtain employment, became discouraged and committed suicide by taking laudanum, having first administered a fatal dose to her son, a boy eight years old.—*Exchange.*

Let those who see in the enlargement of woman's sphere of labor a state of things so alarming, ponder the case of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and then say which is better—to earn a precarious living by folding books, or stitching with the needle, or to become a steamboat Clerk, like Mary J. Patterson, with a pleasant employment and good pay.

We cannot, as we are sometimes requested, notify our subscribers *individually* when their subscriptions expire. The stopping of the paper is generally a sufficient notice. The subscriptions of many of our readers in the following places expire with this Number:

Chicago, Ill.
Columbus, O.
Chestertown, N. Y.
Caldwell, "
Canisteo, "
Peruville, "
S. Edmeston, "
Milwaukee, Wis.
Detroit, Mich.
East Bethlehem, Pa.

A number of *single subscriptions* in various places also expire with the present Number. All names are stricken from our book at the expiration of the time for which they have paid. We hope our friends will be prompt in renewing their subscriptions, as it is not always possible for us to supply back numbers.

"PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE."—This is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Gore, which has been sent us by DEWITT & DAVENPORT, New York. We have read only a few passages as yet, but judging from these, we should say it was somewhat above the average merit of novels that are produced now-a-days. We do not advise anybody to spend their money for works of fiction, but those who are determined to do so, should buy the best that can be had, and this is perhaps one of this class. It is neatly printed and bound, and can be had at WHITE'S for 75 cts.

A SAD LOSS.—We are greatly pained to learn that Dr. JACKSON'S Water Cure Establishment at Glen Haven, on Skaneateles Lake, N. Y., was destroyed by fire two or three weeks since. This was one of the most extensive and successful Water Cures in the U. States, and its loss will prove a public calamity. Dr. Jackson has labored for years to place it in its late prosperous condition, and we sincerely regret the loss which he has sustained.

VERMONT LIQUOR LAW SUSTAINED.—The Supreme Court of Vermont, through Chief Justice Redfield, has just given judgment in favor of the constitutionality of the Prohibitory Liquor Law of that State, which was assailed on the ground of its submission to the people.

FEMALE EQUESTRIAN EXHIBITION.—A grand riding show is to be held at Circleville in this State on the 8th and 9th of November. The Premiums range from \$100 downwards.

Mrs. ANNA ROYAL, editor of *The Huntress*, a weekly newspaper, died at her residence in Washington City about two weeks since, at the advanced age of ninety-two.

For The Lily.

**WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WOMAN'S WRONGS
ACCORDING TO LAW.
NO. VII.**

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

At marriage, woman loses her right by the Common law to the ownership of personal property; for as that event unites her legal existence with the man to whom she has given her hand, it would be preposterous, in the opinion of the sages of the law books, to suppose her any longer capable of possessing anything independent of her husband. Hence, the husband, by marriage, acquires an absolute title to all the personal property of the wife which she had in possession at the time of the marriage; such as money, goods, or chattels personal, of any kind. These, by the marriage, become his property as completely as the property which he purchases with his money; and such property can never again belong to the wife, upon the happening of any event, unless it be given to her by his will; and in case of the death of the husband, this property does not return to the wife, but goes to his representatives, as being entirely his property. Thus it is, that by marriage the property of the wife is confiscated, and the husband acquires at once complete control over her person and her estate.

As to the debts due to the wife at the time of her marriage, or falling due afterwards, by bonds, notes, judgments, contracts, and her right to damages by injuries &c., which are termed *choses in action*, they are not vested absolutely in the husband, but the husband has power to sue for, and recover, or release and assign them, and when recovered and reduced to possession, and not otherwise, it is evidence of the conversion of the same to his own use, and the money becomes in most cases absolutely his own. If the husband does not dispose of her choses during coverture, he cannot dispose of them, it is said, at all, for he cannot devise them; and if he die before any disposal of them, they will go to the wife, if she be living, and if she be dead, they will go to her representatives. Such is undoubtedly the rule in England, and also in proceedings in equity; but our Courts of law seem to have been less liberal, and it is now said that if the wife die before the husband has reduced the chose in action to possession, he is entitled to recover them to his own use, as her administrator; but upon what principle, the law writers have never yet been able to agree. If the husband die first, it is well settled that the wife regains this species of property in her own right, and without being subject to his debts. In general, the wife is joined with the husband in actions for the recovery of her choses in action, but this is not in all cases necessary, and when a judgment has been recovered in the name of husband and wife, for a debt due to the wife, it is a settled rule, that if the husband dies before the collection, such judgment belongs to the wife; and if she dies before the husband, and before collection, the judgment belongs to the husband.

Not only does the husband take whatever personal property belonged to the wife at the time of marriage, but he takes as his own all property that comes to his wife during coverture by will, gift, or otherwise. The rule is even more strongly in favor of the husband in relation to such acquisitions, than it is to the property acquired at marriage; for choses in action falling to the wife by will or gift, if there be no words indicative of the intention of the donor that it shall be for her separate use, belong absolutely to the husband. He is not even required to reduce them to possession, and if he die before doing so, they go to his personal representatives as being entirely his property! Let those who desire to make gifts or bestow legacies upon married women, remember this, and always be sure to declare in so many words that they shall be to her separate use.

The *earnings* of the wife during coverture also belong exclusively to the husband, and he may maintain an action in his own name for their recovery; and when recovered he may of course dispose of them as he sees fit. This is one of the most iniquitous rules of the Common law, and is

universally in force both in this country and in England. An act was introduced into the New York Legislature and passed one Branch last spring, materially modifying it, but it failed in the Senate. It is one of the real legal wrongs of women.

When the husband is compelled to apply to a Court of Chancery, or a Court with equity powers, to obtain the possession of the wife's personal estate, that Court, as stated in the last number, before placing it in his hands, will compel him first to make suitable provision for the support of his wife and family out of it.

If damages be claimed for injuries to the person or reputation of the wife during coverture, those damages belong to her, and she must be joined with her husband in the suit; but mark—when such damages are collected, they *belong to the husband!* If however he die before the judgment is collected, it belongs to her, and does not go to his representatives. Besides the joint action which the husband and wife may sustain against the wrong doer in such cases, the husband may also have an action in his own name, to recover for the loss of the company of his wife, if that have been the case, or for the loss of her service, and also for any expense which may have arisen by reason of the battery. If a man should carry away the wife of another man, it is a trespass, for which a recovery of damages may be had by the husband. The husband is also entitled to an action for criminal conversation with his wife, and in this case the form of the writ must be that of trespass *vi et armis*, by force of arms, on the ground that a wife is destitute of a will, and could not therefore have consented to criminality, but it must have been in consequence of force—which is one of those absurd distinctions so common in the law books, that has not the least foundation in common sense.

It may next be asked what advantages does the wife gain in point of property by marriage? During the life of the husband she gains nothing, except a claim upon him for support, (of which more hereafter) but at his death, she becomes entitled to a share of his estate.

The real property, or lands which she brought to her husband at marriage, of course comes back to her at his death, and she also obtains a dower interest of one-third in the lands which he held in his own right—as stated more fully in the last number. Her personal property does not fare as well. All of her money, goods, and whatever the law calls property in possession, together with whatever has come to her during marriage, by gift, devise, or as the fruits of her own earning, become absolutely her husband's. All that remains to her of her personal estate, is such choses in action (bonds, notes &c.) as her husband may not have reduced to possession; these go back to her; the rest of what was once hers is reckoned as a part of the personal estate of her husband.

Of this personal estate of the husband, at his death, the widow is entitled to one-third part, which remains after paying his debts, if he left any issue; but if he left no issue, she is entitled to one-half of the residuum of the personal estate, after the debts are paid; but *the husband may if he chooses so to do, devise such personal estate by will from her entirely.* The practical effect of these rules of distribution is as follows: A woman who may have had no property at her marriage, will on the death of her husband receive a life interest in one-third of his real estate, and one-third or one-half of his personal property, depending upon the fact whether children have been born during the marriage. Sometimes this provision is liberal enough, but not always. The property accumulated during the marriage is often as much the fruits of the industry and economy of the wife, as of the husband, and her title is, in strict equity, just as good to it as his. On the other hand, if a woman, say with landed estate worth \$500 a year, and personal property worth \$6,000 in money, marries, her husband acquires the use of the former during coverture, and if she die first, for life, and the latter absolutely as his own. At his death, provided his wife survive him, she regains her lands, and provided the husband has not expended it, or willed it

to somebody else, \$2,000 or \$3,000, as the case may be, of her personal property which she brought to him at marriage, while the remaining \$3,000 or \$4,000 goes to the heirs of her husband, who, if he leave no children, are often his brothers or some distant relative. Of course, however, the husband may, if he chooses, give all his property to his wife by will, both real and personal; or he may, on the other hand, will it all away from her to strangers, excepting only her dower in his lands. From this it will be seen that when a man marries a woman with property, he makes a sure thing of it—he secures her money and goods, and the rents and profits of her lands; while the wife who loses all, gets nothing more in return than simply a contingent life interest in her husband's lands! The law does, however, in its great lenity allow her to retain at her husband's death, her *paraphernalia*, which term, says Blackstone, "our law uses to signify the apparel and ornaments of the wife suitable to her rank and degree. These she becomes entitled to at the death of her husband, over and above her jointure or dower, and preferable to all other representatives. Neither can the husband devise by his will such ornaments and jewels of his wife; though during his life perhaps he has the power, (if unkindly inclined to exert it) to sell them, or give them away. But if she continues in the use of them till his death, she shall afterwards retain them, against his executors and administrators, and all other persons, except creditors where there is a deficiency of assets. And her necessary apparel is protected even against the claims of creditors!" Wonderful liberality!

Such are the provisions of the Common law in relation to woman's right to property, and which are now in force in all the States of the Union, except Louisiana, where they have not been changed or modified by statutory enactments.

CIVIL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR LILY:—I should like to say to those sisters who complain of persecution in consequence of wearing the reform dress—would the sneers of the enemies of Christianity tempt you to renounce it?—or the ridicule of the moderate drinker and drunkard induce you to partake of the intoxicating bowl? We think not; then why regard the ridicule of those who are so ill-bred as to ridicule women who refuse to conform to the wicked, health-destroying fashions that are sending thousands, yes, millions to premature graves? We frequently see women toiling through the streets their chests tightly compressed in bodice and whalebone, trying in vain with both hands to keep their dresses and skirts out of the mud—no well-bred person will sneer at them, although they often make a ridiculous appearance. They have our sympathy; we have passed through the same fiery—or it may be more appropriate to say, pinching muddy trials. My experience, after having worn the short dress and pants above three years, traveling in it thousands of miles, sometimes with my husband, and frequently alone, proves to me that those who choose can wear it without trouble or annoyance. Nothing in my opinion tends so much to hinder the progress of reform in dress, as the example of some females who are active in most departments of reform, who acknowledge the importance of a change in costume, and a desire to see the short, loose dress universally worn, yet have not the principle and independence to adopt it. Do they realize that long heavy skirts and tight waists are more destructive of life and health than the demon alcohol?—the traffic in which, both Church and State are righteously engaged in putting down.

God speed the time when that mighty influence shall be exerted for the elevation of woman, and save her from longer committing suicide by complying with the tyrannical behests of the goddess Fashion.

ADELINE T. SWIFT.

PENFIELD, O.

Two of the Brooklyn Excise Commissioners, named Cavanagh and Crampton, have been sentenced to pay a fine of \$250, and be imprisoned thirty days each, for granting licenses illegally.

LEAF FROM THE CLIFTON ROSE BUD.

To my Sisters of THE LILY:—I have been thinking much of late about the condition of women during the past ages of the world, and reflecting on what a different position we should now occupy in the scale of intellectual and physical being, had all women acted their part in the great drama of life as gloriously as some have done; and have been almost inclined to murmur at our mothers that they have made no greater efforts towards the amelioration and enfranchisement of our sex.

But the thought occurred to me to-day, are we who are now occupying their places doing all that we can do, may do, for the moral, intellectual and physical well-being of the great family of Man? Our mothers have passed away. Their accounts are sealed up to the judgement of the "last day." Ours are still open. The past we cannot recall, if we would; the present alone is ours. Let us seize then the moments as they fly and imprint golden characters thereon; let them speed to eternity laden with gems of richest worth; let them bear the intelligence of time improved in the cause of Humanity and Religion; of passions subdued, hearts refined and elevated, of kindly affections cherished, of truthful aspirations after those ennobling qualities which can alone constitute us all that we wish to be; of a love for all that is high and holy.

The future, the untried future, is before us. Do we shrink from its responsibilities? We may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things." But let us remember our strength is in God, and that we are, under Him, the architects of our own fortunes, our characters, and our future destiny.

"The tissue of the life to come
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
We reap what we have sown,"

both in this world and that which is to come. We are all builders. Yes, we Women. God has given us faculties capable of endless improvement; and though in embryo, we may use them as the foundation of a superstructure whose dome shall be lost far above the glittering pathway of the resplendent orbs that gem the deep vault of the skies. And we shall not, like the Builders of Babel, be confounded; for we are building lawfully, and as the great Author of knowledge intends we should.

We are told in his Word that wisdom is the principal thing, "therefore get wisdom, and with all our getting to get understanding." Solomon prayed not for the riches or honors of the world, but for Wisdom—and all were given him. We possess in ourselves powers that will grasp the universe, and ascending from nature up to nature's God, will be satisfied only when disrobed of these clay tenements we shall awake in the likeness of the great Creator, and be permitted to drink from the immediate fountain of all knowledge.

The road to virtue, honor, usefulness and happiness is open before us; we may ascend successfully to the heights of moral purity, and leave there the impress of our immortal natures; and none but He who formed the mind shall say "thus far and no farther."

On the other hand, we may descend to the lowest depths of idleness, uselessness and degradation. We are in the one path or the other. Life with its sterner duties is opening before us, and we may not dwell in ease, or drink at pleasure's fountain, regardless of the claims of society upon us. Let us enter the broad field of human redemption; not to pluck the flowers, but as workers, to uproot the weeds of error, break up the "fallow ground," remove the causes of the evils that now curse society—and then, and not till then, will the effects cease, though we use never so much mollifying ointments. Let us seek not so much those minor accomplishments that shall introduce us into society as *ladies*, in the common acceptance of the term—mere drones; consumers of other people's products; a class which the world is fast learning to do without; but those more substantial accomplishments that prepare us to administer at the bed of affliction—not as mere parrots, doing the bidding of another; but from an understanding heart, making use of

the cordials which our own hands have provided in our own studios; or to stand by man anywhere in life, the "helpmeet" God intends we should be; the "helpmeet" he needs.

Life is made up of stern realities; and we shall be called oftener to encounter these than to thread the mazes of the giddy dance, or sweep the keys of the piano; and if we can administer the cordials of relief to others, pour the consolations of the Gospel into their wounded hearts, and ever stand firm to our posts where any good can be done—shrinking not because an ignorant world sneers and reiterates the thread-bare cry, "Out of her sphere," we shall be useful. Nature may not have lavished her attractions on our persons, but there are beauties of mind which will endure when wit and personal attractions shall lose all their power to please, and will still shine forth resplendent when the heavens shall have passed away and the earth undergone the purifying flames of the general conflagration. They shall never die; but the "torch lighted anew at Nature's funeral pile" will blaze forth with increasing brilliancy through the ceaseless annals of eternity. The body is a casket; the mind a jewel; and jewels of most precious worth may be cased in inferior caskets. The one is transitory, the other, lasting as the immutable throne of the Eternal.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

NETTE CLIFTON.

The Baby Show—Hurrah for Vienna, the Premium Baby Town!

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 5.

The National Baby Show took place to-day at this place. One hundred and twenty babies were entered. The first premium, for the finest baby, two years old and under, was a tea-set, valued at three hundred dollars; second, a tea-set, valued at two hundred dollars; third, for the finest child under one year, two hundred dollars; fourth premium, a Parian marble group.

The first premium was awarded to Mrs. Romney, of Vienna, Ohio; the second to Mrs. McDowell, of Cincinnati; the third to Mrs. Arthur Cannon, of Philadelphia; the fourth to Mrs. Henry Howe, of Cincinnati.

A letter was received from Fanny Fern, which was read to the gratification of all concerned. Letters were also received from Mrs. Swishelm, Mrs. Crittenden, Mrs. Mott, and Horace Greeley. The latter thought much attention should be given to the development of the human constitution in a country where able-bodied men sold for five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. Mrs. Mott thought black babies should be admitted. Among the exhibitors was an old woman, who came with her seventeenth child. She claimed a premium on that ground!—*Statesman and Democrat*.

The "Ugly" is the latest fashion for modern bonnets, and is designed to protect the wearer from the sun, the air, and the outside world. And what is the "Ugly?" The name itself, in part, answers the question, for it is an *ugly* thing. The "Ugly" is to the head what a top is to a gig or a chaise. The "Ugly" lets up and down like one of those tops. The "Ugly" is of a different color from the bonnet, and it might be called a parasol, a veil, or anything else, descriptive of what hides or shades the face. Ladies, hence, now often wear two bonnets on their head instead of one. The practice is nearly as obnoxious to the males as the brown and impenetrable veil which at present is so popular with the "feminines."—*Ex.*

VIADOTE.—This is the name of a new style of ladies' bonnets of Parisian origin. It is so constructed that it can be folded and packed up into a small case of two and a half inches deep, rendering it perfectly portable. The bonnet can be made in every style, and turned in the very height of fashion without impairing its character.

OBERLIN, Sept. 28.

Mrs. BLOOMER:—The enclosed Poem was read at a late meeting of the Woman's Temperance Society of Oberlin, by its Author, Mrs. M. E. HODGE. The Society thinking it adapted to further the cause it so nobly advocates, have requested a number of copies for publication, and with your approbation would be pleased with its insertion in The Lily.

Respectfully Yours,
CATHARINE M. TAYLOR,
Sec. of O. T. S.

Dear Ohio, we have loved thee,
We have joyed in all thy joy,
And thy wealth of worth and beauty,
Oft our gladdened thoughts employ.

We have sought for thee a blessing,
As the waters full and free,
Dearer than the dew's caressing,
Or the suns of vernal glee.

We have sought to break that slumber
Deep and deadly, not from toil,
Creeping o'er a host-like number,
Who might else, but bless thy soil.

Pleasant seem its first approaches,
Like the Circean draught of old,
Charms it still as it encroaches,
Till anon the scenes unfold.

And instead of manhood noble,
Crowned with honor, strong for toil,
Loathsome forms are seen to grovel,
From which brutes may well recoil.

We had toiled and hoped, how fondly!
That ere this the work were done,
That our chosen cherished country,
Every high or humble son,
Should have burst the spell that bound them,
The dread lethargy of Rum.

O! ye valleys of Miami,
And Sciota's lovely plains,
Bloom ye in your wealth and beauty
But to swell the Vender's gains?

That the sacred names of father,
Husband, brother, be to ye,
And alas! e'en home and mother,
Names of withering mockery?

And, ye men of Law and lucre,
Lured by gold and wine's fair hue,
Has, then, nought on earth a lustre
Fairer and more dear to you?

What! must holy love of country,
Love of God and man combined,
Love of Peace and Right and Duty,
All for Mammon be resigned?

Let your lucre perish with you,
If another year shall find
Prosperous and proud Ohio
Still her sister States behind.

Joy we, in the blessings priceless,
From Restriction that may flow,
Ask ye, that it may suffice us,
And we boldly tell you No.

Yes! we've loved and still we love thee,
Bright Ohio, broad and fair,
Thy renown shall be our glory,
And thy purity our care.

Thy rich plains and vales have nourished
Sons and daughters who will see
That thy glory is untarnished
By Rum's relentless tyranny.

Soon thy skies shall catch the laughter
Of thy children's grateful glee,
Forests grand and gurgling river
Shall rehearse thy Jubilee.

Woman's word hath given token,
Prohibition it bespoke,
What her heart and will hath spoken
Who e'er knew her to revoke?

M. E. HODGE.

CARD PRINTING.—Mr. SOLOMON WOOD has been engaged in this city for a few weeks in supplying our citizens with Business and other Cards. From the specimens of his work presented to us, we should judge that it was exceedingly well executed.

VICISSITUDES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

From the *Anzeiger des Westens*, the *Tribune* translates the following touching narrative, the facts of which are doubtless not alone in their painful sadness, among the experiences and sufferings of European emigrants to this country.

"A few days since, at St. Louis, at an early hour in the morning, the common dead-wagon, which at the cost of the city conveys friendless paupers to their last home, stopped before a house in the southern part of the town. The driver got down, went into the house, and soon after appeared at the door, along with another indifferent looking man, carrying a coffin of rough boards. The coffin was put into the wagon and the wheels rattled away over the empty streets to the place of interment. No one followed it with looks of sorrow; no one stood with heavy heart beside the grave, as the clouds fell upon the coffin. And yet that coffin hid the form of a woman once the object of countless attentions, who was once honored, admired, envied in society, who controlled vast riches, and who, but a few years since, before she trod the shores of America, could look forward to a happy and contented old age.

"The deceased was ROSA NESCHEMI, the daughter of an immensely rich Polish nobleman. In her early youth she was attached to the Court of the Austrian Emperor, where at the age of eighteen, she married a French nobleman, who was also very rich. She lived afterward, for long and happy years, partly on the estates of her husband, partly in journeys through Germany, Spain, Italy and England, and bore her husband three sons, who received the best education, and on whom their parents looked with the greatest pride.

"This happiness was interrupted by the July Revolution at Paris. Rosa's husband was actively engaged in it, and fell on July 28, shot through by three bullets. His name may still be read on the column in the Place de la Bastille. Of the sons, the oldest, a young man of remarkable talent, had greatly succeeded in Spain, and was then Private Secretary to King Ferdinand. After the death of the King, he withdrew to a country house near Valencia, where, as is supposed, he was assassinated. The second son, who had become a priest, was a special favorite of the Pope Gregory; but he, too, died shortly after this event. The third, who was then quite young, remained with the mother, who had found an asylum in Switzerland, whither she brought the relics of her fortune. When he was 16 he left his mother and went to America. In New Orleans he found employment and earned money, but bad company and a natural disposition to excess soon led him astray, and about five years ago he resorted to the last desperate means of reviving his credit, by inducing his gray-haired mother to come to this country. She could not resist the entreaties of her only son, and came. She was able to get together \$6,000 in cash, which her son very soon dissipated. Some two years ago he ended his career in New Orleans, where he was a deputy sheriff at the time, by stabbing a creole. He fled to California, and the aged mother, to whom New Orleans had naturally become hateful, went up the river to St. Louis.

"One morning of week before last, at early dawn, the miserable city dead-cart of St. Louis bore the mortal remains of Rosa Neschemi to the place of their last unwept repose. Such is life."

JUST PUNISHMENT.—The proprietor of the Straub house in Rossville, Butler county, made a bet of twenty dollars, last Saturday, with one of his patrons at the bar, that he could drink the most liquor without injury. They began their undertaking; the landlord drank a gallon and a half pint of whiskey, and expired in fifteen minutes. His competitor in the honorable affair was living at the latest account. It is painful to record such instances of human degradation and depravity; yet there is something comforting at last. What was his loss was the world's gain, and if every liquor seller in Ohio would make a similar exit, there would be no occasion for any public sorrow.—*National Tem. Organ.*

EDUCATION.—Property, wealth, and greatness will be of little avail to us if we are remiss in our intellectual progress. Of all the blessings of a free system of government the behest of a cultivated intellect should be among the most free and untrammelled. To my mind every system of education is vicious which places the education of the poor among the charities of life. So far from this, it should be as much among the governmental duties as the support of the government or maintenance of courts of justice. No individual when entering the portals of education should feel as though he was trespassing upon kindly charities, but the opportunity of a good education should be the free right of every child that grows up under the fostering care of our government. We may not arrive at exact equality of intellect, but equality of rights, practically as well as theoretically is within reach. We have achieved it in our courts. No person asks permission to enter them. None enters them by charity, but with the strong impression of equal rights they appear there and demand protection. Our schools are no less important to the welfare and happiness of the whole country. In morals the obligation is equal. When you have expanded the intellect it is given to the growth and service of the country. Whether it is exercised in agriculture, mechanics, commerce, or literary pursuits, it is still the property of the country, and constitutes one of its elements of greatness and happiness. Intelligence gives to the country happiness at home and respect abroad. It is the common property of the nation. Why not open its portals wide and make its benefits universal? No man can look abroad among the rising generation and make a selection of those whose intellects, if properly cultivated, would make the brightest ornaments of our country. If he could he might be astonished to find so many of them in the haunts of poverty and destitution, whose germs of thought are choked out by the inexorable necessities with which they are surrounded. Make education free to them, and the haunts they inhabit will disappear, and the community will be relieved of much its groaning misery.

The ladies of North Manchester have formed an association for the suppression of the liquor traffic in that place, pledging themselves to use every means in their power, both moral and physical, to that end. If moral means fail, "we will (say they) proceed to the rum shops in person, and with our own hands and such implements as circumstances may require, let the liquor out upon the ground."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

E. McMillen, Frances M. Treble, R. M. Cartwright, W. W. Stewart, P. Kellogg, Emma Griffing, Beulah L. McIntyre, Frances Field, Martha Miller, S. Augusta Bowe, E. M. Griffing, H. W. Beach, Rebecca M. Sandford, Henry Moore, Wm. Heacock, A. Dana.

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